
POETRY.

Our Blue-Eyed Boy

ONE TIME IN THE MAY THAT IS VANISHED,
 With a heart full of quiet joy,
 I craved to sleep in my bosom
 Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.
 No shadow of sorrow had darkened,
 His young life so suddenly fair,
 For the suns of but two little summers
 Had sprinkled their light in his hair.
 The twilight was pressing her forehead,
 Down deep in the level main,
 And over the hills lay aiming
 The golden hem of her train.
 While under the heavy tresses
 That avert e'en the dying day,
 The star of the eve like a lover,
 Was hiding his blue eyes away.
 In the hollows that dimple the hill-sides,
 Our feet till the sunset had been,
 Where pinkets with their spikes of red blossoming
 Held heads of blue violets in
 And to the warm lip of the sunbeam
 The cheek of the blush-rope inclined,
 While the neck pansy gave its white bosom
 To the murmurous low of the wind.
 Where the air was a warble of music,
 Of the bird and the bee belted bee
 And the waves going by like swift runners,
 A singing the songs of the sea.
 But now in the dim fall of silence,
 I took up the boy on my knee
 And sang him to sleep with a story
 Of the lambs 'neath the sheltering trees,
 O, when the green skirt of May-time

And climb the steep headlands alone,
Pausing not where the slopes of the meadows

Are fellow with cowslip buds,
Nor where, by the warm wall,
The hollyhocks lift their bright heads.

For, when the full moon of the harvest
Stood over the summer's ripe joy,
We had the last time to say, "Fare ye well,"
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

And parting away from his forehead
The rings of a vanished gold,
He told him to sleep with the weary
Of the lambs of the upper fold.

Then, laying his white hands together,
And putting his pale lips to ours,
We heard his last words, "Fare ye well,"
That winds through Eternity's flowers.

The Sexton.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leased a Sexton old, on his earth-worn spade.
His work was done, and he paused to wait
For the great train and the pomp of state.
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were grey as the foam-sea;
And these words came to him as he thought
I gather them in—I gather them in—
I gather—gather—gather them in—
I gather them in, for man and boy,
Near after the hour of joy.

In every nook of this burial ground:
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude *one by one*;

But come they strangers or come they kings,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.
 Gather—gather—gather—I gather them.
 Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
 I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold—
 My sceptre of rule is the sceptre of gold;
 Come they from the commonwealth or from hall,
 I gather them in—my subjects—all—all—I'll
 Let loose them in pleasure, or tollfully spin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.
 Gather—gather—gather—I gather them.
 I gather them here, and their first rest
 Is *here*, down down, in the earth's dark breast
 Is *here* the heaviest couch, the heaviest bed—
 Would mutely, even that solemn place;
 And I add to myself, when I thus plan,
 I mightier voice than I myself can send
 Will be heard over the last trumpet's dreadful din
 I gather them in—I gather them in.
 Gather—gather—gather—I gather them in.

[CONCLUDED FROM YESTERDAY'S INTELLIGENCER.]

A Thrilling Narrative.

It was now midnight. The savage band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle-ground. Morgan was seated at the head of the table, and the guests were eating and drinking. The ragged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting bodies, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with blood. The bones of the patriot and soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness and gloom. The faint, feeble, feeble odor of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild and the parrot, furnished a weird and ghastly accompaniment to the feast. The guests, with heart-rending sobs,

A large, ferocious looking bear, covered all over

with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently clanked his armor, and, with a look of intense anxiety, awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgan raised his head and was about to offer his thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a plover, which he had just heard awaiting him to a sense of danger. He placed his hand over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached, a hand was laid on his forehead, and a voice, as of a cold child ran over him. "Fugate, strong, strong, but I am not a slave, I am employed—death, but I am not a slave, I am employed—death, the most horrible, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from him and he devoured alive.—He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished. Another touch more violent than the first, and he was dead.

The cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed

him; his eyes involuntary opened and he beheld his wife, who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed "My husband, my husband!" and fell upon his

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation soon took place—one man from among the Indians fell, and the blood ran through the floor on her. Relieving it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud and betrayed the place of her concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryan's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the night she was taken to a place, and urged to make their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes near the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she with some other persons, went to the place where she lay, and took her husband.

save them if possible from the beasts of prey.—
After searching for some time, and almost despairing

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to renew their joint action for instructing and entertaining each other, enlisting their friends at home in efforts to "create and diffuse knowledge among men."—National

—The steam saw mill, and carding and fulling shop of Samuel Wertz, between Luisville and Unaburg, in Stark county, were consumed by fire last Friday night. Nothing was saved, not even the account books. Mr. Wertz's direct loss is between three and four thousand dollars.